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POEMS

BY

AN UNDERGRADUATE OF OXFORD.

☞ The Poem entitled "CHARLES XII." was *incapacitated* by a rule which renders ineligible the essays of candidates who have exceeded a certain term of residence at the University.

CHARLES XII.

An incapacitated Poem,

ON ONE OF THE NEWDIGATE-PRIZE SUBJECTS:

WITH (EXPLETIVELY)

SUNDRY METRICAL PUERILITIES.

BY

AN UNDERGRADUATE OF OXFORD.

LONDON

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CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

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CHARLES THE TWELFTH.*

" L'alto valor ed i chiari gesti suoi,
Vi farò udir, se voi mi date orrechio."
Ariosto, Orlando, Canto 1mo.

Ἴτε νυν καθ' οδον, τὴν καλλίστην,
Εἰρήνην τιμῶντες.
Euripides, Orest. 1698.

Deep in the gorgeous west the light of day,
In floods of crimson, ebbs itself away;
And, slowly as the lucid tide recedes,
In rich'ning glory bathes the purpled meads,
Pours on each height which breaks its living fire,
And plays refracted from yond' glittering spire.

* " Sa vie doit apprendre aux hommes combien un gouvernement pacifique et heureux est au dessus de tant de gloire."—Voltaire, Charles XII.

Such is the moral, deduced from the contemplation of the life of Charles in all its bearings, with which the philosopher points his biography; and this lesson the poem, in its opening lines, and elsewhere, attempts to colour.

That peers, an index, o'er the sylvan scene,
Of hamlet sunk in shadowy depths of green—
Precincts of peace! in guardian foliage shrined,
Where Sol falls faintly through the shades
combined,
With Nature's tresses twines His tangled rays,
And clings, enamoured, in the trembling maze;
For nought, in all His long career of air,
Beheld that wand'ring orb, more calm, more fair;
Nor, all reluctant, at His fading flight
Yielded aught lovelier to th' embrace of Night.

Yes: tranquil as the worldling's dream thou wert,
Refuge of Peace, far fortress of the heart;
The briary bank, whose sole encircling mound—
Thy fosse—the streamlet, babbling round;
Girt by no gloom of towers, but not the less
Secure, for Mercy walls defencelessness—
Tranquil as tho' earth's weary ones of care,
From cities scared, had found oblivion there;

There couched secure from the wild world's
alarms,
Where lawny verdure spreads her ample charms;
Where smiling flow'rets, innocently gay,
Beguile the passing stranger of his way;
And ivy, mantling round the holy tower,
Like Faith, clings trusting to its church for
power.
Each quiet feature, every murmur teems
With joy; and there, in mirror'd glow, it beams,
Embrowned in health upon each rustic brow,
Th' ensign of a MIND at peace—our heav'n here
below!

Such once the bowery favourite of the plain,
The home of happiness—contentment's fane—
An imaged Eden of the blest above,
A beauteous impress of eternal love!

— — — — —
— — — — —

There all was hush'd.—How still is toil-bought
sleep!
List! not a breath perturbs the silent deep,
Save the low plashings of the distant mill,
In deep timed cadence to the rippling rill;
Or where 'lorn Philomel, the boughs among,
Hymns her late vesper's solitary song.

— — — — —

— — — — —

Ha! whence those glaring flames in distance 'rise,
Fire the red vault, and stream along the skies?
Whence that low murmur of confusèd sound
That booms, portentous, through the calm
around?
'Tis from afar the wild note of alarm—
The mournful wail of warning on the storm;
It is—the din, the roar of reckless men—
Destruction's howlings o'er its shatter'd den.
Distinct and nearer, hark! a measured tread,
As though approaching masses onward sped,

Grows on the anxious sense—till, sharp and
clear,
The clank of arms rings on the startled ear.
A long, dead pause succeeds—the must'ring stand
Of columns forming at the low command;
And now the trumpets bray the note of doom,
The flaunting banners mock the midnight gloom;
While brandished high, in many a bloodstained
hand,
Refracted lightnings flings the flashing brand,
Caught from the smoky torches' lurid light,
With horrors bursting the still dream of night;
While blend the frantic shriek and quivering cry,
With Triumph's scoff, insulting agony!
In vain the voice of Mercy's piercing prayer,
To hearts, stone-cased, that never knew to spare:
Blood of the guiltless dyes the reeking sod—
A damning witness in the courts of God!
'Tis o'er: there brief destruction's come and gone;
Thence, thunder-charged, the iron storm rolled
on.

— — — — —

— — — — —

'Tis morn! and heaven's young breathings
waft the tale,
In orphan's sob, and widow's wildest wail;
And the bleak dawn unveils the scene of woe,
Cold as the once-warm hearts around laid low;
While birds of carnage, plumed in Death's array,
With fearful screams hang hovering o'er their prey,
While ruin's flakes around the mourners come,
Strewn by the breeze—the ashes of their home.

— — — — —

— — — — —

And who be they that impious 'wake to mar
The boon of Heav'n with desolating war?
And who the Chief, whose hate or vaulting pride
Relentless pours the crimson deluge wide?*

* The wars of Charles, which are thus introduced "κατ' ἐξοχήν," are, perhaps, *the* most remarkable in the annals of Europe, at least in point of their conception—viz., the attempt

That hardy race, the nursling of the North,
The first to spurn the slave's unhonour'd hearth—
When proud Dominion had the earth o'ergrown,
And Conquest claimed the world for her own,
To swords transformed the plough-share and
the spade,
Till Slavery forged in links the useless blade:
When vanquished Europe bent the subject
knee,
And men, born slaves, ne'er learned to be free;
They—Freedom's sires! then a barbarous band,
The rugged people of that cavern'd land,
Whose mountain arms enfold the cradled deep
Of Baltic's* waters in their tideless sleep—

of one sovereign, *not* to aggrandize his own dominion, *not* to extend his territories, but to constitute himself, individually, the arbiter of European sovereignty, ["de s'eriger en arbitre de l'Europe;"] and who, with this design, conquered for conquest's sake, and subdued kingdoms that their thrones might be in his gift.

* The Baltic is not subject to the fluctuations of tide.

They, in their pine-clad hills, disdained the yoke,
Resistless thence in swarthy torrents broke—
Led by the Fates of Empire, seized the hour
When Rome sank, gorged with conquest and with power,
Wrenched from her nerveless grasp the iron rod—
That erst had awed the world—the scourge of God—
And in the dust her pride, her purple, trod:
Back through its scathed bed in fiery foam,
Till refluent Ruin sought its fountain home!

But *now* their cause?—enough that he's decreed—
Enough that he, their hero-monarch, lead.
But whence such purpose?—who that monarch? One
By wildest motives singled out *alone*—

The meteor of the North, the soldier Swede,
The champion offspring of his country's need,
Till lost he trode the mountain-paths of fame,
From the bright summit to the vale of shame,
And lives a wonder of the storied page,—
A warning beacon o'er the depths of age,
That men survey, through mists of time afar,
Less as a warrior than the demon—War.

Glory,* the toy of ev'n his infant years,
Could bend the purpose, check the wayward tears,—
Alone could soothe each wilful passion wild;
And that which moved the man constrained the child.

Maturer, soon, the rash, impetuous boy,
Eager for action, burning to destroy,

* "Dans son enfance, avec le mot de gloire on obtenait tout de lui." *Voltaire*, Charles XII. 3.

Read, glowed, and envied Philip's fiery son,
And hoped the laurelled grave the conqueror won;
Or played the Cæsar of the boyish fray,
And *was* a Cæsar then, in all save power to slay!

In youth lethargic, sunk in listless ease,
He loathed th' enervate, tame pursuits of peace.
The pensive life, and all its vivid joy,
Unmixed with coarser sense or earth's alloy—
Th' ideal world by peopling fancy wrought—
The quick creation of electric thought,
With all its rosy shades and baseless tow'rs,
The social phantoms of our lonely hours.—
Such knew not Charles: he ever *thought in deeds,*
And deemed it vital death the dreamer leads;
Nor cared the sceptre's edgeless weight to wield,
Till——hark!—the trumpet's summons to the field.

See! mimic War,* with all its glittering train
Of marshalled thousands, throng the painted plain;
See the close columns, in their trooped array,
Sweep past in all the splendour of display;
The flashing brass, the bayonets bristling wide—
The gay plumes floating o'er the human tide—
The neighing chargers, all in wild disdain
To own the thraldom of the broidered rein:
While th' iron-carr'd artillery, rolling round,
In heavy circles print the rattling ground;
And, high o'er all, in many a blazoned fold,
The nation's emblem droops with quartered gold.

But see! they break, and adverse bands unite—
Charge—wheel—retire, and weave the sembled fight,—

* It was at a review of the troops that Charles first expressed his desire to assume the reins of government himself, in order to command "ces braves gens."

The dense battalions now the assault sustain,
Now, scattered widely, scour the sprinkled plain;
Or, threat'ned by the swift-horsed squadrons near,
Close up the ranks, and for the shock prepare
A living tower's impenetrable square;
And, as repulsed the headlong foe retire,
With deadly aim direct the harmless fire;
While music's voice the breath of battle pours,
And in wild bursts of blending clamour soars.
Then the peal'd drum, the trumpet's brazen throat,
Found in *his* bosom a responsive note,
In thrilling accents to his spirit spoke,
And in its depths the deepest chord awoke.

He felt that scene in all its gilded charms—
The pomp, the brilliant pageantry of arms—
And felt *how* nobler when a nation's might
Goes forth in power t' assert a nation's right,

Rearing her flag to strew her honoured pall,
Or float in triumph o'er th' oppressor's wall.
Then, while they pass, and every subject's sword
Droops to his Prince, in martial homage low'red,
The prayer's half-muttered—"Be it his proud boast
To lead to glory that resplendent host,
Whose every thought, whose every heart and hand
Lived but to follow—die—at *his* command;"
Then glowed *in him* that worthy of the trust—
Then flushed the wish to reign, and forth resistless burst.

But now that peace condemns to changeless rest,
That sullen spirit slumbered in its breast.
The ermined purple's loose and languid flow
Was thraldom to the hardy limbs below;
The banquet cloyed, when regal luxury poured
Its full profusion on the groaning board,

For thro' the costly fare Satiety crawls,
A loathsome guest, where more than plenty palls.
Ill could his spirit brook form's cold parade,
That with dull pomp the tardy *deed* delayed,
While hoary councils quibble and intrigue,
Keeping the womb of state with nothings ever big.
Oh! for a noble, for a righteous cause,
To burst the leaden fetters of such dead'ning pause!

It comes! The Powers are banded to divide
The easy spoils of youthful Sweden's pride —
It comes! Uprise the mighty of the earth:
And lo! the stranger seeks the strong one's hearth;
With heedless steps the hunters go to dare
The lion monarch in his mountain lair.
But, as the indignant sovereign of the waste
In conscious strength uprears his shaggy crest,

A moment stands, his red eye glaring round,
And feels each muscle ere the fatal bound:
Thus in his might the imperial Swede arose
To hurl his hoarded fury on the foes.
But *o'er himself* of triumphs gained the first
And best of all that slaked his conquest thirst;
Each fonder frailty of the *man* repressed,
Till all was steel within the *hero's* breast;
Where, in the strength of solitude apart,
Throned o'er life's waters, reigned the haughty heart,
To whose wild will, each nerve, in concord strung,
Responsive echoes through the firm frame flung—
A frame no toil could hinder to fulfil
The stern commands of that exacting will;
Thus iron-cast in nature's strongest mould
T' obey a mind that sway'd, inspired, controll'd.

Such was the man, thus formèd to be great—
Such was the Swede that held his country's fate;

That country called—exulting at the word,
Forth from its scabbard sprung the patriot sword.
That country called—nor was her voice in vain;
Attest it, humbled Hafnia* of the Dane;
How great his prowess, conscious Narva, say,
Who saw'st the triumph of that direful day,
When, damm'd with slaughter'd heaps, thy shivering flood
In curdling rills ran red with Russian blood,
And the proud fortunes of the boasting Czar
Bent to the might of HIS ascendant star.
Such tales could Riga, such could Clissau tell—
But fields like these in memory's annals dwell.

That vengeful arm, once lifted, what could stay?
The sword was drawn—he'd flung the sheath away.
Once felt, once known Adventure's trilling ties,
The buoyant sense, the *life* of enterprise;

* The ancient name for Copenhagen.

Thence *for itself* he loved the rapturous glow,
The pride of danger, Danger's children know;
In harshest sympathy attuned his ear
To the shrill shower of bullets whistling near,
Heard a stern music in the cannon's roar,
For breath to him their clouds of thunder bore;
And deem'd the war-horse, bounding through
the fray,
A living throne of *most* exulting sway!
Not *his* the flatt'ry of the courtier-slave—
Away!—the sword's the sceptre of the brave!
For it he empire, ease, love, all resigned—
To deeds of strife each energy consigned;
Left his own sea-girt Venice* of the North,
From his ancestral halls for aye went forth,
To follow glory through each clime and soil,
Through days of danger, and through years of
toil;

* Stockholm is built upon seven islands.

Stepped from a throne to court a soldier's grave,
And share the chequer'd fortunes of the brave.
Thence to that brow the helm's bright horrors clung,
Where erst the crown he deemed defenceless cumbrance hung;
Thence, ever thence for battle roughly dight,
Girt for the march and harnessed for the fight,
He slept, impatient of the numb delay—
Life's death, the soul's dull tribute to her clay;
Through every rigour of the changing sky,
The heath his couch, the night his canopy,
Or the chill vesture of his roving tent,
Whene'er the camp a soldier's palace lent:
His simple fare the coarsest earth supplies,
Its wholesome savour earned by exercise;
His drink—where leaps the sparkling mountain rill,
Thence was he wont his grateful cups to fill,

And quaff the pureness of the limpid bowl,
Fraught with no charm to film the tainted soul.

Thus by ambition disciplined and led,
Thence Charles pursued the sceptred brigand's trade;
O'er prostrate thrones his bolts of vengeance hurl'd,
And flew his eagles at a hostile world,
Pouring his lawless legions through the rents
Of equal Nature's border-battlements,
From earth's fair brow to tear her circling towers,
Gemm'd with the symbols of th' anointed Powers—
Till taught, by lust of conquest lured too far,
Imperial JUSTICE holds the palm of war,
Deserts the standard reared but to oppress—
Alone Her champion garlands with success.

Yes, Patriot Powers, uphold the Patriot's cause,
Defend their altars, shield their hallow'd laws;
Round Freedom's banners wing their guardian flight,
Marshal her ranks, inspire the sacred fight,
And teach th' invader's myriads WHOM to flee—
Friends of the Just, the Fearless, and the Free!

Him, to whom all, save triumph, was unknown;
'Twas Victory vanquish'd, by success o'erthrown;
'Twas trophied Memory marr'd hopes too elate;
'Twas Fortune's smiles that lured him to his fate,
Who, faithless ever, leads but to beguile,
And gilds each step to ruin with a smile;
Frail as the beam that yond' pale cloudlet kissed,
While radiant evening warmed the painted mist;
But, dark as doom, denied one struggling ray
To cheer the gloom of dark Pultowa's day.

The die is cast! the victors, taught to yield,
In straggling flight desert the luckless field.
All round portrays dismay—in every face
Despair's fall'n features, Fear's wild wanness trace.
But where the King?—borne wounded from the plain,
A few worn followers for his scanty train;
His proud arms worsted, foiled each cherished aim,
Rack'd by the torture of the shatter'd frame.
Approach the litter where that prostrate form,
Fall'n, but unbending to the adverse storm,
Reluctant flies; and see the Conqueror there!
No trace of suffering marks his marbled air:
'Tis pale and cold, but 'tis defiance now
O'erbreathes the silent tablets of a brow
Instinct with that which owns not earth's control—
The unsubdued—indomitable soul,

Singling the hero from his minions—See!
Whence 'mid them all, alone unconquer'd, He!

Like some lone arch* that 'mid the ruin rears
A last stern relic o'er the spoil of years;
There, though all else in crumbling fragments lie,
Worn by the tooth of ages from on high—
There, scath'd and blacken'd by the lightning's flame,
Looms the dark outline of the oriel frame,
Embowed by skilful architect to stand
Enduring triumph of the plastic hand.
What though of yore th' assailing tempest stormed;
What though above the weight of winters formed—
What though around the eating ivy spread,
And toppling roofs sank 'pending on its head:

* The peculiar properties of resistance which the arch possesses suggest it as no inapt symbol of moral inflexibility.

Each new incumbent terror did but serve
To lend fresh vigour to th' unyielding curve—
But knit it closer in its mystic grasp,
And deeper, firmer, locked the stony clasp;—
Type of the high, the haughty human will,
Amid the wreck of things, unbow'd, unbending still!

And such was his—ay, e'en to Bender. Mark!
How thronged that rest with phantom'd daring dark!
Not *that* a mind upon the past to dwell,
Or to the marvelling crowd strange stories tell,
How bays were reaped from fields disputed well,
Prizing the circling vulgar's senseless praise—
The abject incense of the vacant gaze.
No—there, ambition, still unchecked and wild,
The towering Future's air-built structure pil'd;

And Titan thought flung mountain scheme on
scheme,
In formless fabric like some fev'rish dream.
Lo! in the visions of that calm retreat
His rival sues, his conqueror's at his feet;
Once more his flag floats peerlessly unfurled,
While Fancy carves the sceptre of the world;
Nay, there, perchance, Revenge, with prescient
gaze,
Read Poland's doom—saw Moscow's funeral
blaze.
Nor unemploy'd the present: deep at work,
Dark, subtle plots of empire stirred the Turk,
Th' imperious captive's cause to vindicate,
Who cared not, *would* not see his subject state,
Save as the laurell'd of triumphant war,
With princes chained around his conquering
car:
Till foiled in counsel, reckless, desperate,
Rather in sportive madness than in hate,

He dared a host, and slew, till round him lay
In heaps the victims of his maniac play.

Such deeds were his: but deeds like these require
A bolder minstrel and a loftier lyre—
Deeds, which with fabled legends almost vie,
The wild exploits of olden chivalry.
But not to me those sounding strains belong,
The nobler numbers of the epic song;
Nor yields the theme to bard of softer power,
Of Love's young conquests, deigned in Beauty's
bower:
The soldier's breast ignored the gentle joy,
For thence with fiery thoughts War drove the
downy Boy.

Yet not all rugged was that sturdy mind—
Still round the oak some softer tendrils twined.
How few, with gen'ral brotherhood imbued,
Upraise the fall'n, succour the subdued;

How few whose breasts a fellow pity know
For the *man*, humbled in the prostrate foe?
But Charles, though stern and ruthless in the field,
Was ever courteous where the valiant yield—
Aye did the vanquish'd find in him a shelt'ring shield.
For ever prompt and foremost to bestow,
His generous pity ne'er was locked to woe;
Nay, oft her tale could, from that flashing eye,
Hail the warm gems of the heart's charity;
Nor dims his actions' sheen self's sullying stain,
Or headlong lust that owns not reason's rein.
Whate'er the motives, his an honour'd meed;
And still the land whose hosts he lived to lead,
His memory balms, 'neath whom she scaled the height—
The zenith of her empire and her might,

And with each laurel of remember'd fame,
Still grateful Sweden wreathes her CHARLES's name.

But where we'd others praise, we censure him—
His splendid faults were virtues in extreme;
Excess in all, he aye o'erleaped the verge
Where worthy deeds in brilliant errors merge.
His dazzled eye, on glory ever bent,
Wrapt in the end, upon the goal intent,
Marked not the path that to his wishes led,
Saw not the barriers towering round them spread;
Reeked not the zones perennial winters throw
The torpid bulwarks of eternal snow;
Nor deigned a glance where, whitening to the day,
His soldiers' relics tracked his reckless way;

Unsought the boons that bounteous Peace can
bring,
And in the *Conqueror* thus forgot the *King*.

A greater he, whose higher, nobler aim,
Slights the false tinsel of the bauble, Fame,—
That glittering thing, so fondly, madly sought—
And spurns the toy by woes of millions
bought;
While pride, the tyrant knows not, he can
feel—
To see his sceptre through a nation's weal—
Each polish'd art, each blessing to improve,
And rule, the father of a people's love,—
The narrow realms of Happiness t' expand—
Content to bless, he craves no broader land;
Nor, for the paltry idol men adore,
Cements a pedestal with human gore—
Nor cares to 'grave, commingled upon Time,
A name of glory with a name of crime.

But each and all, howe'er they seem to tend,
Tread, wisdom-guided, to a destined end—
All instruments adapted to fulfil
The just conceptions of Omniscient Will;
Fashion'd by THAT which sways with nice control
August Creation's boundless, faultless whole.
Some, like the winged chariots* of the deep,
Are framed to ripple where the tempests sleep;
But some to brave the storms of turbid life,
The troubled waters of ensanguined strife:
Those, sapped by Time's salt, ceaseless tear
away,
Sink on the wrinkled strands of slow decay:
These, when their proud—their mountain march
is o'er,
Find at a bound where billows cease to roar,
But leave around their deep, sepulchral home,
The circling surge, a monument of foam!

* Ναϊον οχημα—αρμα θαλασσης—a common Grecian image.

But he—Leviathan of battle's wave,
What mounds of carnage closed his yawning grave?
He whose life bounded in the stormy hour,
When red Death rode the battle-cloud in power;
In vapoury blood and wreaths of darkness furl'd—
Ambition's incense round Her altar curl'd—
Whose element was life's tempestuous gloom—
What wrecks of empires mark his towering tomb?
None: dark his fate, and far the lowly spot,
Its humble site—its name were else forgot;
Obscure his death; but in it centres all
That memory holds of trophied Frederickshall.
His end was answered, and his course was run,
His sun went down in darkness and at noon.

In vain, before each desperate chance assailed,
Flashed the swift steel, the leaden shower hailed;
'Gainst all he seemed in proof of wizard safety mailed.

Thus while the swains, when autumn crowns the year,
Claim the ripe burden of the golden ear—
Now high, now low their flails, now here, now there,
In whirling circles cleave the ambient air;
Hurl'd round their heads, the wooden horrors fly,
Baffling the swiftness of the following eye:
Till the safe weapons give the gaze relief,
And light securely on the writhing sheaf.
So, heretofore, round him, all harmless, played
The glancing death-bolt and the vivid blade,
Till——but here truth Time's shadowy clouds o'ercast,
And livid doubts, that fold their grey wings o'er the past.
No hostile hand, tis said, the missile sped—
Not by its quarry struck, the eagle bled;
Nay, still there be, mysteriously who say
That, on the contest of that final day,

No mortal arm e'er dealt the fatal blow,
No mortal weapon laid the hero low;
But that a mandate, 'mid the raging fight,
Swift through the death-storm, winged its viewless flight,
Launched by an arm, that errs not, to its goal,
And in its crimes required that blood stained soul.
Whate'er the means, how vain a Power to scan,
Whose ways are mysteries to the thought of man;
Of yore, WHO nerved the pebble with his wrath,
In ponderous armour, shook the boast of Gath,
And bade the stripling's slender arm deride,
And quell the giant in his hour of pride;
WHOM when the bold Assyrian dared defy,
Heard the shrill voice of leaguer'd Salem's cry—
Men, horses, chariots, heaped in mingling death,
Strewed by the tempest of His angel's breath;
But led the scoffer back, reserved to feel
The bitter weapon of a child's keen steel:

Who foiled the hard Egyptian's raving wrath,
But for His people clove the wave-wall'd path;
And led them out from bondage and the sword,
Robed in the cloud, their Leader and their Lord:
Who, when rebelled Belshazzar's impious power,
Sent forth, while laughed the banquet's wanton hour,
The mystic hand which, pointing to the tomb,
In lightning traced his warrant, and the doom
Which gave his regal heritage below—
His kingdom, to the stranger and the foe.
He that could stay the rolling worlds of light,
T' illume the carnage of avenging might—
A power that mocks the creature's puny boasts;
Of kings the Monarch He, and Lord of Hosts!

METRICAL PUERILITIES.

"Dum relego, scripsisse pudet."

LINES ON A LIGHTHOUSE.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

CROWNED is Ilfra's rocky height
With her beaming beacon light,
Which, ever watchful, ever bright,
Keeps her vigils of the night,
Peering from her lonely cliff,
Guardian of the wave-toss'd skiff:
And ever, though the storm howl round her,
Though gleam the lightning, peal the thunder,
Though o'er her fly the foaming surge,
Groaning its deep, prophetic dirge,
Still she twinkles o'er the wave.

Her restless eye 's still o'er the billow—
Still she yearns her charge to save
From its yawning watery grave,
And smoothes with hope the seaman's pillow;
Cheering him on his pathless way
To brighter climes and nights of cloudless ray.
Or, like yond' pale, phosphoric star,
Aurora's herald from afar,
Up heaven's dark dome that trod,
To tell of light and gladness near,
Whispering in joyous Nature's ear
The advent of her God:
Thus to the exile's wistful gaze
That light along the water plays,
Where glooms his parent earth;
Thus, fraught with bliss, those beamlets burn,
To greet the mariner's return
In safety to his hearth;
And warmly instinct with approaching home,
Light the glad signal—"Wanderer, cease to roam."

THE JUNGFRAU AT SUNSET.

WRITTEN IN 1838.

"The most remarkable change which takes place in the colour of the snow after sunset on the higher ridges of the Alps has not, I think, been either poetized, or ever described in prose; while the eye is feasting on the rich tints which succeed the bright light of day, the rose dies away, and its place is taken by a dead white, fearfully resembling that of a corpse," &c. &c.

CAPT. B. HALL'S *Patchwork*, (published in 1841.)

LIKE the hue that tinges the butterfly's wing,
Or the warble that floats on the breeze of spring—
Like the iris-beam, the gorgeous ray
That dances in light on the torrent's spray,
Dwells the sun ere he set on yon mountain of snow;
For a moment 'tis flushed with the transient glow,—

For one moment the peaks their roses throw
Back on the shadowèd vale below;
And—'tis gone—'tis fled, and the altered brow
Of the high, pale mass looks ghastly now;
As though the soul had passed away,
And left nought behind, save th' inanimate clay;
As chiselled, as clear in the coming gloom,
As the features of the lost, for whom
Is hollowed out the early tomb:
Ere fades the last, cold glimmer gray—
The twilight of life's lingering day—
A mountain-shade in its snowy shroud,
As heavenward soaring, wing'd with cloud.—
What wraps yond stranger?—a fixed glaze
O'ergrows th' intentness of his gaze—
He starts—he turns—for the pall
Of gathering night has buried all.

A HIERO-LITHO*-LOGICAL PHSYCO-DRAMATIC EPIGRAM.

Scene.—Chantrey's exquisite monument of the infant sleepers, in Lichfield Cathedral.

Hour.—Honest noon.

Loquitur DIDASCYLUS.

COME, saint and sceptic, infidel, divine,
Here one conviction must your creeds combine!
Each will the truth of other tenets own,
Nor, by th' admission, find his own o'erthrown.
Hence, then, all cant of schools—all revelation!
We'll simply take these babes for illustration.
You (*turning to the clayists*) hold these bodies matter are alone—
You're right, here's nothing but material stone:

* Allusive, possibly, to the 'Sermons in Stones.'—ED.

But *you*, divines, that they're immortal say,
And slumber till the dawn of never-ending day.
Lo! Sleep itself!—you're also right, 'twould seem—
List to their breathing!—hush! they lisp—they dream!
Eternal are they, and who dares deny?
In this immortal marble *could* they die!

*** A note by the Editor, who thinks the text not sufficiently orthodox :—

TO THE PAGAN READER.

What! and shall he who 'graves his mind on time,
Perish, mere instrument of works sublime—
The master-spirit of what wants decay,
Itself but dust,—a potter's mould of clay—
That which can round transfuse eternal breath,
Less than the atom that it 'balms from death?
Reason, forbid! another lot is his—
Ay, a high orbit in the spheres of bliss.
On earth a nobler servant proved to be—
Of subtler spirit, finer and more free,
And, 'mid the angel-hosts, archangel he!
Yes, Chantrey, while religion stands, thou art—
Thy chisel's hewn thy altar in its heart.

AN EPOCH OF THE HEART.

Lady, ah! turn not thus away,
  Spurn not a heart like this;
Deign but one smile—one soul-caught ray,
  And all its pangs were bliss.

Oh! there to thee an altar glows
  With incense as sincere
As ere to heaven of old arose,
  The Holy to revere.

Thee, thro' the world, that yearning heart
  Sought—its ideal home—
Ah! from the desert where thou wert,
  It ne'er had sigh'd to roam.

And my gaze roved through Fashion's throng,
Threading its wastes for thee;
Yet that it found thee *not* among
The herd I hate, 'tis joy to me.

We met! and yet no outward show,
Of that within, expressed—
The fires of Hecla sleep in snow—
The burnings of the breast.

To speak but to thee oft I've sighed—
To touch that hand, and yet forborne;
As all unworth' that not denied
To those I could but scorn.

I see them not—absorbed—alone
With thee—and 'tis enough—
That breath to mix with thine is gone—
One air engirds us both.

Yes, when near thee, I feel a charm
Flung round me to dispel
Earth's care, as though no thing of harm
Could pierce that gentle spell.

Then be my angel genius, thou—
Now sorrows—fiends, come on!—
Ha! see! they cow'r before that brow—
My lovely one, my own!

— — — — —

— — — — —

A dream! and now a dream gone by;
Feelings long torpid grown—
The ceaseless tear can petrify,
And case the heart in stone.

Away! the wither'd rose of fate!
Love to the winds I fling.
But shun this friendless bosom's hate,
Dread the crushed reptile's sting

ONE SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

The fever'd gasp, the twanging pulse,
And the sick sense of numb debility,
The throbbing head, and the false eye,
Peopling with horrors vacancy,
The languid frame of agony convulse
And desecrate the altar of repose,
Into a rack that, else, perdition only knows.

FAREWELL.

LINES TO A LADY IN ILL-HEALTH, FROM WHOM THE WRITER WAS COMPELLED DE S'ELOIGNER SANS ADIEUX.

"Χαίρουσί αλλοι." — EURIPIDES.
"I cannot say 'farewell.'" — P. B. SHELLEY, *Cenci.*

THEY would not let me say "Farewell,"
Lest it should give thee pain;
'Tis a mournful sound—it breathes a knell,
That word of wail—'tis the passing bell,
As soul from soul is ta'en.

For thus we dread, with selfish fear,
Absence—the living death;

For when we see not—feel not near
Those we esteem and cherish here,
  Then not *for us* they breathe.

Yet, like existence' self we prize
  The presence of the few;
And deepens love in parting sighs,
As life seems fairest as it flies
  In sorrow from our view.

In vain the heart's warm tendrils cling
  To Memory's ruins *then*.
Joys, that but mock'd with passing wing
Have left the Present's keenest sting—
  The happy Past is pain.

The rosiest phantoms but beguile!
  To cherish is to fear—
Fear for the fond deceit the while,
And nurse, in every fatal smile,
  The germ of a tear.

The best of bliss shrinks consciously,
Marr'd by its end so near;
Till all affection's misery
Whets the keen word of agony
Which severs all that's dear

— — — — —
— — — — —

'Tis o'er—the lost in peace repose,
The parted are afar;
But Hope round them her halo throws,
And ease the wounded bosom knows,
For Time's half salved the sear.

Yes, musing through the joyous Past,
I'll hope it o'er again—
Ay! morrows brighter than the last,
By not one quivering shade o'ercast
Of sorrow or of pain.

And, should for me thy mental wand
Its thoughtful trac'ry twine,
Thine image, from the gentle hand,
Would flush at Fancy's fond command,
And—all I ask were mine.

A SIMILE, IN BLANK.

The mind of man, by fitful passion ruled,
Is like the ocean's undulating breast,
Which ever and anon by Boreas' blast,
Or sweeping Austers' cutting, wintry breeze,
Aloft is raised to heaven's high starred dome,
And now to Tartarus' black gulph impell'd
In valleys vast: till soothing Zephyr's breath,
Soft whispering, calms the agitated wave,
And lulls the stormy raging of the deep
With mild command. Thus lovely woman's smile
Man's furrowed brow unfolds, and quells his soul's
Dark rage, and in a syllable of time
The rough and billow'd surface of his thoughts,

As by the imperial trident, she o'erawes;
And as the crystal tablet of her charms,
She renders one unruffled, bright serene,
With gentle sway.

VERSES,

FROM GRAY'S RELIGIO LOCI (AS THE THEME), WITHOUT BEING AN ATTEMPT TO RENDER THE INIMITABLE.

Hail to thee, awe-imbued
Spirit of Solitude!
That consecrat'st a shrine
The heart holds most divine,
Where nature's stern and rude.—
Hail to thy hallowed fane,
Deep-hewn of purest thought,
That springs, by hands unwrought,
Within thy silent reign;
Where, naked and alone,
With th' omnipresent One,
We tremble as we feel
His breath around us steal,
Whom earth and heav'n reveal.

[Yes, we own Nature's God
'Mid wilds by man untrod;
We hear Him in the roar
Of headlong torrent's pour;
He haunts the midnight shade
By drooping branches made,
And ocean's lonely shore;
Not where the giddy throng repair—
Not in the pompous temple, where
Sculpture and gaudy gilding glare.]
Calm Power, whate'er thy name,
A world-worn youth would claim
Of thee thy hallow'd ease:
But, should invidious Fate
Deny, as all too great,
The privilege of Peace,
And merge the struggling strength of life
In storms of civil strife,—
O be't, at least, allow'd,
At age's evening hour,

Far from the noisy, jostling crowd,
In some deep, tranquil bower,
Forgetful as forgot,
To lead my lonely lot:
And, o'er the great in fame or pelf,
Down-gazing from the crest of thought,
To calmly know, with wisdom fraught,
The dignity of self.

THE "AMINA" OF PERSIANI.

A RHAPSODY.

"What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."
CHILDE HAROLD.

"The footsteps of faint Melody."
SHELLEY.

I.

INSPIRED dreamer—although dream 's a word
Too earthly for that charm of subtle art
Which weaves the thraldom of the soul, once heard—
Electric joy-streams that in flashes dart
Though the quick sense—the lightning of the heart!—

Spells, as of spirits peopling haunted air
With faëry strains, of power to impart
Bliss to the sigh, and draw the rapture-tear—
Dream—but of the blest that round us hover
near!

II.

Enthusiast sleeper—ah! for aye sleep on,
And to cold stillness may we wake no more!
Still let the spirit, from our lull'd clay flown,
With thee on wings of music wildly soar;
Cleave now the calm of feeling, now the roar
Of passion, sounding all our nature knows;
Till nature's self reigns trilling to the core,
Bounds in each pulse, in every veinlet flows,
And through the burning brain the lava gladness glows.

III.

Earth fades. We wander on as in a trance,
Through scenes of song—a garden of sweet
sound,

Where varied beauties greet the ear's swift glance,
For the heart's iris tints that airy ground,
And fancy's warmest rose-flakes, shower'd around.
It passes faint—the soul borne, rapt, along,
Starts on the verge of silence' void expanse;
Yet in the soft reflection, echo long
Lingers—it was so frail, that dimly dying song!

IV.

But thou, the chauntress, when each breast found vent,
Waked not *in thee* the swelling sense of pride?
When forth the voice of praise in freedom went,
When voice to voice and hand to hand replied,
As to Cecilia's self the incense vied—
Those lips, too, laud, to aught save genius, curled,
Blend with the gale and swell the tribute tide—
Resistless roar, from earth to heaven hurled—
A nation's votive peal—the thunder of a world!

V.

And was it all a dream? and thus pass,
Shed on the winds, and transient as fair,
Like Beauty, lavish'd on th' oblivious glass?
This to inscribe thy poetry on air,
And trust breathed sculpture to a truant's care?
No. What to space breath, being, love hath given,
Embalmed in memory, Doom itself must spare,
And, crumble earth with fiery ruin riven,
Lives! lives, entwined with all we fondly know of heaven!

MONODY UPON THE DEFUNCT BUCEPHALUS OF A REVEREND FRIEND.

" ———Your sorrow is not dead.

— — — —

So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs its drooping head,
Tricks out its beams, and with new spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

MILTON, *Lycidas.*

Αι! αι! φευ φευ! I wail as good a hack
As ere to church bore parson on his back.
For canter, amble, gallop, jog, or trot,
In A—— B—— his equal there was not.
No knee of his, o' limb he was so sound,
Save when he *went to prayers*,* e'er touched the ground.

* All his *faux pas* having,—strange to relate!—occurred while in the act of performing his hebdomadal crusade to his parish church.

Then for his lungs—as I (not *he*) have sinned—
No bellows ever blew more steady wind ;
And 'mid the largest " fields" where steeds are denser,
The best was but a *foil* to such a " fencer."
That " sensible warm motion" of a frosty day,
Could it not keep from thee Death's ice away ?
No, th' edict went.—One morn the stable's boast,
And all his gifts to us, for aye, were lost—
Yet 'tis not strange he died—no—by the rood!
But that he lived so long, he was so good,*
And though his earthly race, alas ! is run,
His HEAVENLY course is only just begun—
Apollo took him off, a wheeler for the Sun !
Patience ! Say not " he may be at the poles,
Since I can't use him now in saving *souls*."
What though the god have left us in the lurch,
And but " Shank's mare" remains to go to church,

* " Ita frugi ut vitale putes."—HOR., Sat. II. vii.

To tired sinews it is no relief,
Nor aught avails the indulgence of our grief;
Then never selfish mourn, but rather say,
Whene'er you spy the well-horsed car of day,—
" Oh, bless'd exchange! my clipt, immortal bay,
Now shewing fire thou ne'er display'dst below,
To light us fools ' the dusty way' we go:
And though all else be ' dark' thou canst not be,—
So thus Eclipse himself's eclipsed by thee"—
Though not a brighter, lights a lighter load,
Through space, than B—— on the London road.

CERTAIN CONCEITS,

WHICH WERE STARTED BY THE NOVEL NOTION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE,

DONE INTO METRE.

LOOKING abroad in these inventive times,
One sees "rum dodges," worthy of rum rhymes;
For every boy of this illumined age
Could "tip a wrinkle" to the oldest sage.
What would poor Plato think of one—to wit,
That men now to the sun for portraits sit?
Or what the Persian, that we make a crayon—
A very cat's-paw, of the sacred rayon?
Yes, here they all were clearly "in the dark,"
And "quite at sea," like Noah in the ark;
Nor in one heathen or inspired prophet,
Can I discover type or mention of it;

Nay, t'other day, in Genesis I saw,
Among some others, this most glaring flaw—
Of solar use it surely ought to say,
"God gave the greater light—his heaven, his ray,
To TAKE OUR MINIATURES, and rule the day!"
No—it was never dreamt by honest Moses
That Sol would e'er descend to sketch men's noses,
Or point his radiant pencils* of the skies
To shine† thick jaws, or glare† lack lustre eyes;
And yet this shews what gospel says is right—
That all transgress, yea, e'en the "things of light."
'Tis writ—"unto thyself no likeness take;"
That law Heaven's self now grants the means to break:

* "Pencils of rays"—a term of optics.
† Verbs no longer *neuter* only.

And, wicked, works upon a plate of tin
With all its might, and *countenances* sin.
Yet of inventions since the world began,
None half so literally enlightens man.—
But Joshua's feat was harder.

Not a whit;
A greater task, is *thus* that we should *sit*,*
While frowning Phœbus vents his tardy rage
all on
Us, as if *we* had cramp'd his course at Ajalon.
Prometheus manned an image!——

The tale ran,
But, by like theft, in *truth* we image man.
Yes. What all potent magic ne'er essayed,
The very emblem of what flits we've stayed.
Richard might spy his shadow in the shade,†

* Clearly; since we move not φοιβος, who finds it doubtless easier to 'stand still,' than we to sit so, while he operates.

† "Shine out, fair sun, that I may see my shadow," &c.
Richard III.

And Hermes be dismissed, so little riot
Kick up "the shades" we thus can keep quite
quiet.
We'll next arrest old Time—nay, no denial,
Can we not nail his finger to the dial?
One word unto "the Preacher," then I've done—
Here's *one* "new thing" *must be* beneath the sun!

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF A SATURNALIAN PRESENT, IN THE SHAPE OF A BASKET OF POULTRY.

"Sportula celebretur." — JUVENAL.

RECEIPT in full for larder "stocks"—
Pearls of the wicker casket—
The "box"—nay, was there ever box
Like such a Christmas basket!

"For what we *have* received," I say
More piously, because
At "Grace *before*," the thoughts would stray,
Even 'neath the "parson's nose."

'Twas o'er—the silver veil's away!
When, like a winged dream,
Two victims, robed in white array,
Glared through the incense steam.

Muse, lest such gifts should silent be—
Stop!—they've a tongue from Bonham,*
Else on such wings we'd soar, did we
Not grow too fat upon them.

Thrice at the sight my heart relented,
Thrice dropt the knife and fork;
And scarce at length consented
To carve such chisell'd work.

Sculpture itself the day must yield
To such a pair, with loss—
E'en Chantrey's chickens at Lichfield
Are cold, and want white sauce.

* A comparative-anatomic *linguist* of gastronomic notoriety.

Thus, in high life, which taste imparts,
Your men of sense combine
To dub the finest of "Fine Arts"
The art by which we dine.

Now, appetite's first rage represt,*
"*A toast!*" the roofs resound;
So, plates being piled with grateful breast
"Votre santé" 's ate all round.

Day's best hour wanes—click forth thy knells,
Sharp plectra, tooth and gum-picks;
The Moor ne'er bade the drum farewells,
Doleful as I the drum-sticks.

Yet stop!—"the greatest is behind"—
Nor indigest through sorrow—
The TURKEY, though to-day we've dined,
We'll eat and sing to-morrow.

* *Vide* Homer, *passim.*

PERSIUS' PROLOGUE.

DONE INTO PARAPHRASTIC SLANG.

We ne'er remember to have been
At the famed horse-pond, Hippocrene,
At school nor ever to have made us
Parnassian pillow of a Gradus,
That thus we should come out a Poet—
I wish the indulgent world to know it:
For, sans diploma, uninspired,
My lore by home-spun thought acquired,
I'm here, despite of all the rules
Of Critics, Doctors, Dons, or Schools.
Yet, be no laboured couplet mine,
From out the brain wrung line by line:

The deadly bays I shrink to seek,
That shade the pale, the hollow cheek.
But perhaps you'll ask me for the reason
Of th' above literary treason?
No *common* Preface mine—false blushes,
While through the paint presumption flushes;
But, being truly maiden, she
Will answer ye right honestly.
You ask, then, why, like Hogg, have I
Abjured the duties of the sty?
Whence has yond' parrot found a tongue?—
The poor man's magpie's chatter sprung?—
A gnawing tutor, who—d'ye see?—
Makes like *ventri-loquest** of me;
Nor is't so hard, if you know Words' worth,†

* Ventriloquest is compounded of two Latin words, meaning "to speak from, or *for*, the estomac."

† We are extremely sorry that a large "W" should have here accidentally found its way into the type. The mistake must, however, be allowed to be a *capital* one; for the author,

To put *such* chirp into a bird's mouth.
Let but the beams of gold inspire—
That's your true Phœbean fire—
And then we asses paw the *gilded* lyre.

meaning to express "verbal value," has thus innocently introduced the name of the most inoffensive of our bards. The same magnanimity which prompted that great man to slight the thunder-bolt of Poet Whackly, will, however, doubtless extend his serene forbearance to our literary tyro, nor overwhelm him with the obvious retaliation of a "*Tu quoque*," making a double *double you* (W) of it.—*Printer's Devil.*

TRANSLATIONS, FRAGMENTS,

ETC. ETC.

LONG THE COBWEBBED TENANTS OF AN OLD WRITING-DESK.

☞ *They are printed because, in the rough but endearing originality of first scrawls, it would have cost their scribbler as many pangs to burn as his friends to read them.*

TRANSLATION OF THE SIMILE "AC VELUTI SAXUM MONTIS DE VERTICE," ETC.—

ÆNEID, LIB. XII. 684.

As when the rock, from mountain summit riven
By swollen torrent, or the gales of heaven;
Or, by the crumbling tooth of ages slow
Wean'd from its flinty parent, sinks below;
Fierce, with a mighty impulse headlong hurl'd,
As from its own lost sphere an erring world,
Down toppling bounds it, reckless of control,
And with it woods, flocks, men, weak victims, roll,
And, like the captives of a hapless war,
Swell the proud triumph of the conqueror's car,
Till, grown the tyrant's slaves, they crush again,
And help to heap oppression on the plain

A LATIN SENTIMENT.

How rare to find, among th' unnumber'd whole,
Search as we may, our own, one kindred soul:
And should kind Fortune crown the yearning prayer,
Some fateful hour comes, fraught with endless care,
To pluck this sun from out our blissful sphere
And leave for aye a black blot low'ring there.

SENSIBILITY.

" Mellissima corda
Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit—hæc nostra pars optima sensus."

Heaven's burglar, with th' immortal firebrand.
stole
A well of tears, and sunk it in the soul;
To throw lymphatic cold the faggot's fire on,
And quench in depths of dew ire's hissing iron.
Moist Sensibility! thou stand'st confest,
Like some nude Niob of the melting breast,
A natural nymph in wat'ry diamonds drest!

WIT.

The punster's smirks proclaim the pointless jest,
And all can see 'twas of his memory's best;
Your true wit makes the roaring echoes ring,
Himself as grave as though he'd said the tamest
thing.

DESPAIR.

There is a sullen pleasure in despair—
A sense of might, whate'er may hap, to dare;
A feel of proofness 'gainst all further woe,
Which he who's aught to lose can never know.
Despair, while scaring Hope away,
Nerves the strong mind to spurn her faithless ray,
And Fear falls foil'd, against its torpor spent,
The leaden armour of that cold content.

By precipice, where chance of safety lies,
The Alp-lost traveller oft in apprehension dies;
Tarpeia's culprit, reckless of a tomb,
Finds at a bound a surer, easier doom.

EVENING, SACRED TO MEMORY.

With dreams of passion, this the haunted hour
But chiefly Memory owns its silent power.
Hope in the struggling day-spring laughs,
And treads the zenith by her gilded paths;
Hope takes the wings of morning for her flight,
Bounds with the young breeze, and careers in light;—
But evening glows in retrospect alone,
And Memory claims the twilight for her own.
The gaudy noon, that, while it shineth, shone,
Emblems man's present joys scarce come ere gone—
But who beholdeth not in eve's calm hours,
Types of those days alone we can call ours?

LINES

IDLY SCRIBBLED IN A GREEN-COLOURED PAGE OF AN ALBUM, THE ONLY ONE PREVIOUSLY UNOCCUPIED.

But, verdant leaflet, why art *thou* pass'd o'er—
Say, why's the pallid type of Winter hoar,
More favour'd than thy joyous tint of Spring,
Where, bird-like, bards their tuneful lines should string?
But, since thy pastoral scene the painter slights,
And poets elsewhere wing their warbling flights,
My lowly Muse, unplumed in pride, will rain
The shower of song thro' thy neglected plain;
And warbling 'mid its fadeless frondage, twine
A trifling tribute—this light lay of mine,
Waking the leafy waste with quavering quill,
The feather'd creature of the darkling rill,

Whose mystic waters, as old Poets tell,
Gloom'd from the Muses' high and haunted well.
From such a fount, thee, field of freshest hue,
With dark Castalia's waters, I bedew,
And through thy verdure pour the liquid hymn
Of Fancy, sparkling o'er its bony brim,
In streams not smooth, but tumbling rugged by,
For roughest channels wake most melody—
Not turned by art, but such as lace the land,
From the free fountains of the flowing hand,
In playful ripplings which half seem to hide,
Th' ideal spirits that beneath them glide,
The mental tenants of the sable tide.

And eke right well preserved!—what eye dost
think,
Could ever thread that winding maze of ink?
Or who will say he's one idea caught,
Or fished from out its muddy depths a
thought?

Yet not all vain—the genius of the page
Approves the labour, and accepts the gage:
The scribbler in the task *has* found its boon,
For dinner he was near, and full half hour too
soon.

TO MINE HANDMAIDEN

WRITTEN AT THE MATURE AND AMATORY AGE OF THIRTEEN YEARS.

"Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori," &c.
HORACE.

WHEN modest morn, in shadowy russet drest,
And dewy sandal, steals along the lea,
Then in thine own—thy slave's enamoured breast,
Dawns with the day the rosy thought of thee.

When Phœbus with meridian glory's crown'd—
From flower to flower, when flits the buoyant bee;
Like him, when all with ardent life abound
Among gay scenes the heart will turn to thee.

When Night its sable mantle folds around
O'er the dim earth, and solitary me,—
When vacant Silence lisps its stilly sound,
Then, my fond Cloe,—then I long for thee!

UPON BEING REQUESTED BY A CERTAIN PRETTY PERSON TO WRITE "SOMETHING" IN HER ALBUM.

Howbeit uncouth the hand that dares to stray,
In mystic mazes, thro' this milky way,—
Howbeit unskill'd to spread the liquid lace,
Weave the sad veil and cloud the thoughtless face—
With finest art to lead the hair-drawn link,—
The penman's pride,—the poetry of ink.
Yet, all ungifted by the murky muse,
I'd risk a blot before I'd *thee* refuse;—
Thou saidst "A rhyme—one line—'twas all the same,
Write something—anything—at least thy name!"

Ah! lady, were that gentle "hand" but mine,
In *such* light links e'en my poor self I'd twine.
"My name?"—with joy!—ah! would I might
impart,
The trifle, too, where I've enroll'd my heart!

EPICUREAN HAPPINESS — SUSTAINED GRATIFICATION.

What is that hard thing, happiness?
I think it's neither more nor less,
Than what one likes at once to do,
While th' appetite is keen and true,
Changing—for change makes old things new.

UPON HEARING THE EXPRESSION, "THE SPARK OF LIFE."

Yet from this spark may man a torch illume,
To beam for ages from his hallow'd tomb,
And silver o'er with chastening radiance all
That Time had else involv'd in dusky pall;
Until each letter of his splendid name,
Refulgent, mirror its immortal flame
And from his ashes, Phœnix-like, arise
A dazzling meteor of th' astonish'd skies.
Such fuel smoulders in our clay confined,
Such the volcano of the mountain mind!

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

"Το φως εν τῃ σκοτια φαινει."

As the glow-worm shines in the midnight hour,
As the lightning gleams when the heavens low'r,
As the star of morn dispels the gloom of night,
Immortal Hope to woe beams ever bright.
Still, as the shadows wear a darker dye,
We hail the omen, for the dawn is nigh.
Thus, as earth fades, a light beyond the sky
Breaks thro', and fires the Christian's glazing eye,
Rending the veil around Eternity.

A DEFENSIVE ANSWER TO THE LADY'S COMPLAINT MELODIZED IN MOORE'S BALLAD OF "THE FAVOURED GUEST."

I.

And couldst thou harbour, cruel one,
The thought!—there's wrong in every word;
They said, I could not be alone,—
They said, I woo'd the trifling herd:
'Twas true; but thence I madly sought
A bitter antidote to thought.

II.

At painted pleasure's masquerade
I donn'd joy's ghastly counterfeit;
And haply well my part I play'd,
For every nerve in the deceit
I task'd, to lull each toil-numb'd sense,
By efforts of sustain'd pretence.

III.

Ne'er mayst thou know the thoughts unblest,
Thro' vacant follies, that impel
Dark souls to shun the fiends of rest,
And self, their ever-gaping hell.
The man must be of happier mood,
That shudders not at solitude.

IV.

Accents of mirth are of the tongue;
Wit sparkles, ice-like, from the brain!
Blest fools! they deem'd my mournful song
The semblance of another's pain:
For strange, tho' blithe and light the lay,
The strain—I could not make it gay.

V.

And still the fiery bowl I quaff,
To lull the shades of what *hath* been;
And strive to drown, with loudest laugh,
The hollow whisper from within—
In vain—I see, I hear but thee,
And only feel thou'rt far from me!

VI.

While Pride and Beauty woo my gaze,
With Love and thee, the heart afar,
Owns, beneath Fashion's zenith blaze,
Th' influence of its guiding star:
And trembling turns, where'er it roam,
True to its own eternal home.

"LIFE'S DARK OCEAN."

O'ER mountain waves careering,
The bounding vessel flies;
Her stately bulwarks rearing,
In daring to the skies.

But hark! the thunder peals,
Destruction strides the blast;
Her quivering timbers gape—she reels—
That shudder was her last!

And the depths her death-groans smother
In their dark sepulchral womb;
And the waters glass above her,
A smooth, unsculptured tomb.

Thus proud ambition rides
The turbid wastes of life,
And stems the crimson tides
Of dark and stormy strife.

Now dazzling distance wide,
A sunlit structure rears;
Bright hopes thro' glittering wavelets guide,
Swift to—a tomb of tears.

Woe to th' adventurer who sails
Upon that treacherous sea;
The sport of Fortune's fitful gales,
A dangerous course holds he!

Now from the wave-top's beetling post,
Around in pride he peers;
That billow now has hurl'd him—lost
Upon the reef of years.

See him once more—now, storm what will,
That man of sorrow's there
To stem the tide, unstooping still—
The stranded wreck of Care.

No heart within its hollow breast,
No thing its lot to share—
Abandon'd to the changeless rest
Of desolate despair.

Unblest with the sweet pow'r to bless,
What balm may yet remain?
Stern Misery's last, hard happiness,
Its callousness to pain.

A SIMILE TO LAKE LUCERNE.

Fair lake, bright smiles thine upward face,
Wooing th' o'erbending crags above,—
In their rude arms lock'd, like the lady of love
Reclined in the folds of her Vulcan's embrace.

SONNET.

Bright Truth, the gold of that dark mine the Past,
The deeply-hidden and long-labour'd ore
Of observation, in the cave of yore,
Experience coins, time-purified, and cast
In moulds sign-stamp'd with things—until at last,
From the rich mints of mind, the current lore
Circles, bright hoard of Wisdom's sterling store,
By use made weightier, where diffused, amass'd.*
That magic wealth, unlike the viler pelf,
Iron Ambition blunts, and where it find
The lead of sense, the base alloy of self,
All it refines—blest touchstone of the mind!—
Rendering our thoughts pure treasures, which can buy
A crown of ever-living beams on high.

* "Consuetudine, enim, beneficentiæ hujus, homines paratiores et tamquam exercitatiores erunt."

Cicero, Offices, ii. xv

RANDOM RHYMES.*

"De nullis rebus et quibusdam minoribus."

It was Rochester's song;
Of which "naught" was the theme,—
But *he* found out, ere long,
That the thing was a dream;
For in his last minutes,
Biographers say,
He took orthodox tenets,
Flinging "nothing" away.

* The following melodious moralities are warranted to run glibly to the tune of Moore's "*Remember whenever your goblet*," &c., possessing over that composition the super-eminence of the double rhyme.

A circle is naught,
  Which compasses sin ;
And idlesse hath wrought
  Many demons within :
In it there's a spell
  To ward off all good,
But peopled by hell
  With a blue-devil brood ;
And in its dread blank
  The poison of joys
Can diffuse vapours dank
  To tarnish life's toys ;—
Life is but a toy-shop,
  To rummage whose store,
If we're let, we ne'er stop
  Till there's nought to explore.

It's useless to prattle,
  We're children all—
They must have their rattle
  Their coral, or ball.

Or, peevish, they fret
For the moon in the sky,
And scratch nurse, if they're let,
They know not well why.
In like manner, the child,
Somewhat larger in stature,
With some theory wild,
Impugns worthy Nurse Nature;
And when he grows older,
He wrangles for pelf,
Or, waxing still bolder,
For glory itself,
Which, as soon as he's got,
He begins to despise,
But for which, have he not,
He frets on till he dies.
But shew him a crown,
Or a coronet, or mitre,
Or from these down
To rewards even lighter—

The proud privy seals,
Or the great sack of wool,
And every man feels
He's enough of a fool,
His enjoyment and health
For such fine things to barter;
Nay, he e'en prefers wealth,
Or a badge, or a garter,
Or the wit's dear-bought bays,
To his ease and his leisure,
Holding dearer men's praise
Than the heart's sacred treasure.

Yet, by'r Lady o' Grace,
Perhaps he's not so far wrong,
For, when running a race,
The way seems less long;
And then, sir, besides,
On the very same grounds,

How much blither one rides
When one's following the hounds.
As the fox, then, is caught *for*
"*The run*"—worthless brute—
So other things sought for
Are best in pursuit.

Now this that I write
I'm aware is not new,
But that it *is* trite
Is a proof that it's true;
And I harp on this string,
For a notable fact 'tis
Men *know* many a thing
They don't put into practice;
And I think, by arraying
In *sauce-piquante* measure
A hash'd-up old saying,
They may bolt the tough treasure,
Gulping saws that may cure
Them, many a time,

Disguised—lucky lure !—
In a savoury rhyme.*

Now this my Muse teaches—
And trust her, 'tis true—
He's the worst of all wretches
Who's nothing to do.
Say not, "I wont toil,
For I have great possessions,
And I hate the turmoil,
So—a fig for professions!
Besides, I'm too upright
To struggle with cheats
In the mean civil fight,
Where the cunningest beats.
Look at each honour'd trade—
Slaughter, Justice, Devotion—
From the wig to the blade
All's for place or promotion—

* Vide Tasso Gerusalémme Liberata, canto 1mo, stanza iii.

Your red warriors, who burn
Not so much to contend
With the foe, as inurn
A senior friend!
There's your theft-scourging thief—
[I should like to be terse,
But the "long suit" and "brief"
Won't be pack'd in brief verse.]
The parson comes next
Whose debauch'd face is wont
To evince his best text,
Would be, '*Do as I don't!*'"—

Stop! you talk like a tabby,
You make one quite yawn—
Don't you know that "*L'habit*
Ne fait pas le moine?"
This fact *do* lay stress on—
These faults, which you find
Are not those of profession,
But belong to mankind.

View the vagrant of wealth!
Behold him!—how worse!
On his all—peace, joy, health,
Mark the brand of the curse!
For few minds have power
To govern themselves,
Or scare from the bower
The blue, empty elves.
And, have your's that influence,
You may safely obey,
For with me and plain sense
The same thing 'twill aye say;
Let these whispers, though low,
To your mental ear's drum cling,
And that voice—do you know?—
That still voice will say "SOMETHING.

PARODY,

UPON AN ODE TO THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, ATTRIBUTED TO LORD BYRON, BEGINNING "PEACE TO THEE, ISLE OF THE OCEAN."

[That poem is here adapted to a certain tranquil nation not many thousand miles west of England, that *would be* politically, as it *is* geographically, isolated.]

I.

WAR to thee, isle of potatoes—
Land of shillalah and cratur,
To whom privilege, justice, and what not the state owes,
Nor seconds the rich gifts of nature!
Oh! the fig-leaf of glory shall memory weave thee,
Whose green veil shall hide all thy barbarous shame,
When thy tyrants lie low—is it England outlive thee?
No, no!—time will find you as bluffly the same

As the waves of old Atlas which meet with
some dam' shocks
From the cliffs the winds tell him are nothing
but sham-rocks.

II.

Bloom to the "flower of the earth."
Such as in old times she has seen;
And may senators rise of *indigenous* worth,
To tread down Her moss-grown "Green!"*
Dry be the "praties" that free hands shall
rear thee,
When stands not one rascally stick of a steeple,†
And sturdy the arms for which realms shall
revere thee,
When the black-thorn sceptre grows wild for
the people—

* College Green, a very academical and sequestered lawn, in the capital of this island Utopia, where stands, the Bank, sometime Parliament House.

† Steeple—the differential emblem of Protestant places of worship, and hence of religions.

Then—then, be'st thou travelling for truth or
"bay-herring,"
You'll not find a comp'rable country to Err-in.

III.

Sheen to the saa's brightest jewel,
And the gims of her liveliest water*—
Water!—fire of life—veritable soul's fuel—
Be the sequel or laughter or slaughter.
Many a gay star's at her black bottle's deep,
Which, when set in the head, make a heaven of
earth—
Pure chips of the emerald! planets, that keep
Their bright vigils o'er the fall'n angels of mirth,
By whom one only feeling of earth can be
found—
These fair visions of heaven are inclined to *go
round*.

* Gallicè, "*Eau de vie d'Irelande.*"

IV.

Hail to the chief, who *nought* would,
Save for the right of "*The Million*"—*
"His tribute to Freedom, the dear price of blood,
Iscariots for lucre will lye on."
So say Tories; but Time to his memory will cling,
Well-thatched "castles" disputing with proud Derrynane,
As the birthplace of Liberty's mendicant-king,
With his Banquo, tail-royal—a dust-crawling train;
For why at his door should each murder and riot lie,
*Sh*ure he always cried "Fight boys, but paceful and quietly."

V.

Then, hurrah for the Association!
More power to the boys of repaal!

* The writer is aware that the malevolent might construe this passage thus—£10000(0); he, however, desires to disclaim at once the malignant aspersion and the vile pun.

Vaga-"bondsmen" no more when they've *settled*
the nation,
And silenced the eloquent oil-spurts* of orange-
Paal.
No, the night is far spent, and the day is at
hand—
Ay, a zenith resplendent, though "Grey" be
the dawn,
When no more shall the knowledge-tree cumber
the land,
Which each Gentile must cede to the great tribe
of Dan;
While shillalahs of flame whirl from th' east to
the west,
To keep Liberty's crab-tree in th' Isle of the
Blest.

* The rind of the orange contains an oily acid, extracts of which are often ordered by quack doctors as a tonic when the constitution is in a low state.

HINTS TO BROTHER AUTHORS.

Oh! would we'd lived when Time was young,
Ere all things had been said and sung;
For in these days, although one do
Think now and then a thing or two,
Which memory flatters one are new,
In the first page I open, I
Am sure to see it told a lie;
For there, by Jove! I always find
The last pet youngling of my mind—
A book, perhaps, read for the first time;
Yet, there it is—my thought—my rhyme!
Come now, lean poets all, attend
Unto the precepts of a friend,
A wholesome lesson I will read ye—
You know they say, "Experto crede."

If any scribbler, then, regard
Self-estimation as a bard,
My precepts only let him follow,
And he'll believe himself Apollo.
Firstly, my Piso, I'd have you—
Since writers can't be readers too—
Ne'er waste your time, nor your brains bother,
With the stale couplets of another,
Whate'er his fame—whoe'er he be—
Sure you can think as well as he.
And for self-pleasure wouldst thou hear
Lines which will most delight thine ear;
Though bards blush falsehoods, believe me,
No verses flow so pleasingly,
With half so strong—so smooth a tone
To poet's taste, as do *his own*.
And as for knowledge, you will find
The thing so stuff and clog the mind.
That, thus oppress'd, 'twill never more
On wings of thought sublimely soar
In freedom, as it did before.

'Tis pleasanter to reap than sow,
And easier far to teach than know,
And is't not quite a different thing
To read writ music, and to sing?
Wherefore let *thy* numbers be.
Like feather'd warbler's, wild and free;—
Th' uncrotchetted melodious tale
Of Nature's untaught nightingale.
Shun, then, the sage's midnight taper—
Enough for you, pen, ink, and paper!
Leave dusty tomes upon their shelf,
And read no writer but yourself.

The next thing, Sir, I recommend,
Is—fly each damn'd, good-natured friend
The walking journal, who distracts
With his well-meant, infernal facts.
As thus—"Grand thought! but let me tell ye,
"I met the very same in Shelley,
"Although I think you never ope
"His works—this surely is from Pope!—

"I know for worlds you would not borrow—
"The place I'll find you by to-morrow.
"The style of this is most like Byron;
"And yet I fear its length will tire one.
"Oh! by the bye, of course you've seen
"The last N— M—thly Magazine?
"What!—not? Why all the world besides,
"At your expense, have split their sides.
"Myself, I shouldn't care a bit,
"And yet the thing's not badly writ."

The quick of vanity such probe
Worse than the mind-doctors of Job;
And then the smart they seek to soothe,
With that most bitter tonic, Truth.
Prithee, take heed! avoid such men,
And eke all brethren of the pen.
Such will peruse your finest lines,
Passing unpraised whatever shines;
But, pouncing on each feebler verse,
They'll scratch, and change it for a worse,

And afterwards inform the town,
The best ideas are their own.

Thirdly, I warn you of the dangers
A bard encounters among strangers.
Ah me! what perils minstrels meet,
Who venture forth into the street;
How many a sewer and gaping sink
Yawns for the musing man of ink;
Or, as he cross, inspired rover,
The Muses shield, or he's run over!
And, as his faculties, intent
Upon some high abstraction bent,
Have just *the one* expression caught,
And memory 'graves the happy thought,
While gloating o'er the valued verse—
A pickpocket abstracts his purse.
Unconscious of it, by-and-bye
A brilliant shop attracts his eye,
Whose plate-glazed gewgaws tempt to buy;

He yields, nor finds out till too late,
The horrors of his trustless fate.
He feels, unfelt for, vows in vain
His purse must furtively be ta'en.
In vain he offers his next poem,
None value it, nor seem to know him:
In fine, he's civilly kick'd thence—
Though rhymes may jingle, they're *not* pence!

Ex uno discite—and then
Think of the herd of vulgar men,
Whose grovelling souls can't comprehend,
Unless your cloud-capp'd brains you bend,
To hear their penny tongue-trump prattle
The little, busy neighbourhood's tattle,
Or, having well discuss'd the weather,
Proceed to moot the question, whether
The pending party-measure wise is
At such a dang'rous national crisis;

Or, hinting dry-rot's 'mongst the flocks,
End with the threaten'd fall in "stocks."
It's thus that minds wax low and coarse;
Shun such profanest intercourse.

Much, too, abroad, one's forced to see,
Most fatal to one's vanity.
Newspapers, magazines, reviews,
Full of the methodized abuse
Of hungry critics, who are hired
To laud or damn as they're desired.
Besides, my friend, at ev'ry turn,
You'll find yourself compell'd to learn
That other human things think too,
And very little think *of you*.
Such is the fate of those that roam;
So take my caution—stay at home:
There, in your whitewash'd garret dwell—
An't please you, your "Muse-haunted cell;"

There you may scorn, with bolted door,
And high contempt, from the fourth floor,
The silent critic's distant roar;
There you may stalk and stamp on high,
And rave with proud impunity;
And boldly flourish the white feather,
Or shoe your Pegasus with leather,
Thought-cobbling* with your pluméd stitching awl,
Thus mayst thou hug thyself—ORIGINAL.

* "Employs a pen, and cobbles for the Muse."—*English Bards, &c.*

PORTRAIT OF A "SAINTE,"

INTENDED

FOR AN ALTAR-PIECE.

PORTRAIT OF A "SAINTE,"

(AFTER TITIAN.)

TAKEN ON HOLY GROUND, AND INTENDED FOR AN ALTAR-PIECE.*

The Frame.

THO' of your stanchest Protestants,
I think even *we* have ghostly wants;
For, tho' our church be of the best,
The service—it must be confest—
Has little human interest,
By many a clue of earthly love,
To guide the erring mind above.

* The writer begs to state, *in limine*, that he has lately abjured the heterodox opinions and loose sentiments of this early effusion; it was, in truth, written while at the University, where, in the venerable and beautiful chapel of —— College, the scene is laid.

Clasp'd in fond Faith's eternal ties—
Nature's most holy sympathies.

Once stood I 'mid the misty aisles
Of one of Rome's monastic piles:—
It was a dim and fretted fane,
Dark with Time's majestic stain;—
Where every object warped the soul,
Responsive to th' harmonious whole:
The arches' far and lessening length—
The massy roof's high-pillar'd strength—
The shafted window's gothic height,
With stained figures saintly dight,—
Rich with a slow and solemn ray—
High portals of the purpled day!
The rangéd banners drooping spread,
The grandeur of the humble dead,
The chapell'd nooks, where reign'd in grace
The pictured spirits of the place;
Or maids of Heav'n, in beauty smiling,
Like those of earth, but unbeguiling—

Like those of earth, that, glancing by,
Live but in memory's yearning eye;
Save that not one unfading trace
Could Time destroy or Death efface
Of those pure features we *might* love,
Nor forfeit endless bliss above.
Oh! for the holy shadows cast
By the strong radiance of the past—
The early heart's refulgent rays,
The living warmth of bygone days!

Each pulse informed, filled every sense
With grandeur's silent eloquence,
I stood entranced—all, all recalled
The past—the past my spirit thralled.
I saw the things which erst had been—
Old glories thronged that sacred scene;
The orisons of days gone by,
With all their pious pageantry,
Arose before my peopled gaze—
The pomp, the poetry of praise.—

Priests, in long-orderéd array,
Sweep winding thro' the cloisters grey;
Slow to the gorgeous altar wending,
With meek arms crost, devoutly bending,
Absolve the awful mysteries due—
[Shield them from a layman's view!]—
And, girt with all the church's state,
Their most high service celebrate;
Oft tracing many a mystic sign,
In emblem of the cross divine:
While wreaths the high-swung censers fling,
For the glad soul to spread her wing,
And spurn the low, terrestrial crowd,
Poised on the aromatic cloud;
While Music fills the haunted air,
And wraps her in the breath of prayer.—
The deep-mouthed organ's thousand throats,
Breathe through the aisles their swelling notes—
Hark to the silver, trembling strain,
That vibrates thro' the quivering fane,

Adown the pillar'd arches steals,—
Till deep-toned, loud hosanna-peals,
Full-volumed, roll the roofs among,
And swell the sounding storm of song!—
Along, the white-robed choral band,
Priests of the vocal incense, stand,
Give to the loud mass meaning's traits,
And shape the thunder into praise.

* * * *

* * * *

Full often since I've knelt within
The precincts of that air-drawn scene,
I've seen it at the vesper prayer—
I've seen it in the noon's full glare—
I've seen it thronged with living men—
I've seen—but never *felt* as then.
For daily since, my footsteps due
Seek the accustomed oaken pew;
And there, with formal repetition,
Fulfil a solemn imposition;

While some ungodly, surpliced drone
Mumbles its mutter'd monotone.—
Gods! when one hears them jog along,
Upon the leaden hoof of song,
Thro' heaven's high road, the Common Prayer,
(The end, *they* think, that blessed place—
At least you'd deem so by the pace;)
One cannot wonder, I declare,
So high the patience-toll they levy,
That good folk's eyes at it wax heavy,
Who thus fall out by the way side,
And lose the straight road thro' their guide.
At least *I* feel, I will confess,
A plenteous lack of wakefulness,
Whose powers down my eyelids weigh,
Crushing the will to watch or pray.
So, knowing what I've to expect
From my starch brethren, stiffly neck'd,
My seat no sooner do I gain,
Than, a strict vigil to maintain,

I, in my sleeve, with all my might,
Pray for some quick "sainte" opposite.

One eve—'tis years, long years ago—
But I remember it as now;
Tho' Time, expunging, much has swept
That memory's faithless tablets kept—
Upon that eve, beneath that roof,
Just where the altar stands aloof,—
Massive—a sculptured work of Eld—
'Twas there and then I first beheld—

The Picture.

A BLAZE of beauty, which, when first
Upon the dazzled eyes it burst,
So marred those shrinking orbs of mine,
They scarce could scan the human shrine
Of blent divinity, or dare
To single each perfection rare,

With mingling glory overdyed,
Like some pale star at eventide,
Ere yet it sparkle from on high,
Set in the night's clear ebony;—
So veiled in light the dear abode,
From whence that fair effulgence flowed!
I knew but one absorbing sense,
Of overwhelming presence;
Till, as I gazed, the vision grew
Into a thing of shape and hue.—

A creature so surpassing fair,
She looked a very child of air;
Some kindly spirit of the blest,
By earthy trammels unoppress'd,—
A soul in the translucent dress
Of consecrated loveliness;
Whence the fond fancy sought to see
The angel wing droop, feathery—
Nay, half there glimmer'd on the sight
That circlet of exhaling light—

The coronet of holy birth,
That plays around the Pure on earth.—
Yet, gazing on her as she stood,
Full of most tender womanhood,
The judgment in much doubt was lost,
Which nature she partook of most;
In her so seemed they to combine—
She was so human—so divine!

Full in its fineness, each limb light,
So clearly turned, so roundly slight—
Say, could their simplest gesture be,
Save in proportion's harmony:—
A chord of sweet sound to the eye,
Its every feature melody.
Such concord as can but be seen:—
These are the silent strains, I ween,
With which the angel choir on high
Adore their Maker's majesty;
And from each sacred charm unveiled,
The music of their beauty yield.

By heaven! such feetlets, you would swear,
Meant but to tread the yielding air,
Or skim the light wave's sparkling crest,
Or walk the cloud's unburden'd breast.—
Thence, from light shafts of slenderest span,
Sprung the full charms too dear to scan,
Which soaring boldness would invite—
The visible so exquisite—
But Mercy veils them from faint eyes,
To be revered as mysteries.—
Nor yet was coldly all concealed,
For blushing Pity half revealed
The pliant iv'ry of a breast,
That beat against the swelling vest,
Which bound those milk-white wavelets warm,—
The heavings of Love's gentle storm.—
A neck like the yet formless foam—
Celestial Beauty's embryo home—
A pearly pillar, proudly bent,
Of Nature's purest element;

Or like some fountain it might be
Of falling tresses tricklingly :—
Its texture that which nature weaves
To clothe the lily's tenderest leaves,
'Neath which strayed veins of violet.
Like to a wintry rivulet,
Now lost beneath the drifted snow,
Now glancing upward in its flow,
Stained with a soft, cærulean dye,
Like molten azure of the sky.

That chisell'd form, severely chaste,
With playful life was all imprest :
For, thro' the garb of Phidian art,
You felt the woman's fluttering heart,
And saw each coarser pulse subdued
By th' innate majesty of good,
And that which tests each thought, refined,
Nice tact, the touchstone of the mind.
Yet was each easy action free
As Nature's own simplicity.

Hers was a mind that never dreams
Of the world's formal mockery "*seems* ;—"
In pureness arm'd, it scorn'd pretence,
Bold in its own bright innocence.
Thence flow'd the grace, that nameless ease,
That makes the slightest act to please ;
Thence th' artless bearing free from thrall,
So modest, yet so arch withal—
Beware !—such looks o'ercome, retiring,
Like shafts of flying Parthian, firing—
In vain reluctant Reason fights,
Assail'd by those resistless flights !

But how convey the various grace
That lurk'd along that mental face,
Where, chequering through each pensive shade,
The flush of feeling's pulses play'd,
Painting the silent thoughts that speak
In blushes on the changing cheek,
Now bathèd in a gush of fire—
The dictate of some warm desire ;

Now in the tint which morning throws
Upon the glaciers' virgin snows;
Or, haply, now transparent pale,
Blanch'd by some thrilling, breathless tale—
Pale as the brow that o'er it hung,
And down the sad reflection flung,
A dome of vaulted ivory wrought—
Meet temple of eternal Thought—
On arches reared of silken jet,
In sweeping bends of beauty set,
O'er eyes of vestal fire, enshrined
In lashy cloisters intertwined.

'Twas not that these traits matchless were—
'Twas not that each was faultless fair—
Oh no!—'twas something holier there—
A kindly warmth—the heart's own light—
As the Day's fountain 's, infinite—
Streaming from those pure bright eyes,
Tinted like the loving skies,

As if in their mild depths of blue
The Heav'n within were smiling through!

Bright being, thus for ever stay!
Here could I ever beg and pray;—
Beg at those lips of love, coy girl,
Those ruby lintels, hasp'd with pearl;
The easy bolts* which smiles display,
How vain if meant to lock the way
To bliss, or keep, with beauty barr'd,
The fruit such tempting portals guard!—
For such, who would not welcome all
The gather'd woe that loads the Fall!

The Lower Frame.

None ever prayed as *then* I pray'd:
I saw th' invisible array'd;
I owned the Maker in the made!

* "Your lips, love, are only St. Peter,
And keep but the keys to your heaven."—Little.

She was the end of prayer to me—
Oh! call it not idolatry —
There, there my every sense converged—
In that full presence all was merged.—
Movelessly marbled, I gazed on
A statue of most quick perception:
I felt I'd never lived before—
Earth held an image to adore.
Thus Adam in the world's dull morn,
Ere yet were Eve and beauty born,
Athro' the bowers of Eden stray'd;
Or, 'neath the idle branches laid,
Loathing the long and loveless day,
He dreamed the vacant hours away,
Feeling Creation was not good,
Which doom'd him thus to solitude:
Until one lucky afternoon,
Having enjoyed ennui's best boon,
He 'woke, and found his side was aching,
As tho' some splint had thence been taken:

But soon the pain was put to flight
By—that which I'm about to write.
Before him stood, new-born, mature,
A mistress-piece of artist Nature.
Such form before ne'er met his eyes
Among the beasts of Paradise;
The shape most like it he'd seen glass'd
In the smooth streamlet as it pass'd,
While o'er its willow'd marge he leant—
He liked that form, and often went;—
But this—how differingly the same—
Of how more delicate a frame,
Each lovely limb, unknowing why,
Suffused with native modesty!
Invited by such tender grace,
He rushed into th' unshunn'd embrace,
And found the fair no shade, or other
Than that most yielding maid—our mother.
From that day forth he sleep forswore,
Thought Eden livelier than before,

And owned the old terrestrial ball
No such bad quarters after all.

On that most like occasion, I
Felt with my first "paternity."
It seemed one pulse of Time—no more—
The prayers—th' unheeded prayers were o'er;
Yet still I stood unconsciously,
Nor joined the usual bustle by,
When back impatient scholars hurry
To the relinquish'd port and sherry;
Having self-communed low—but that's
Betwixt men's conscience and their hats—
Nor round one lavished glance I cast
Upon the antique sights that pass'd:—
The mild, sleek tutor,* slinking by,
Looking a meek incarnate lie;

* The "Don" I mean, once referred a freshman to the "Gradus ad Parnassum," in order to discover whether his journey homewards for the vacation were long ¯, or short ˘.

Nor mark'd the jolly, ribless Head,*
A paunchy, well-stuff'd feather bed,
Of learn'd stupidity, which shews,
"Ουδεν μαθησις την μη νους."
Elected as in bullock breeding,
He got the votes by *shewing feeding*.†
Having been reared for his vocation
By th' educating education,
When (as the malignant say)
He taught his scanty brains away.
Sure 'tis, that Head had lost its wit
Which sparing nature put in it,
But gain'd, from teaching boys to parse,
First clownship in the cloister'd farce.—
Of pompous port and burly mien—
A very Falstaff of the scene;

* The introduction of these grotesque characters, the writer begs to submit, are quite in keeping with the portrait frame, corresponding exactly to the fantastic figures of old oak carving.

† A literal fact; the principal of the college to which I allude, was chosen as being "of fair round belly," and in appearance a "credit to the society."

Adapt in form, mind, manners, heart,
To act the licensed bully's part.
And now to him each cap flies off,
Ev'n your gold-tuft dependents doff,
Till with the court elate he grows
As the vain nothing whence he rose.—
Still morally—scholastic God!—
"Nihil non arrogat *to rod;*"
For, tighten'd till they snap, he strains
The yielding disciplinal reins,
Abusing, in no slight degree,
His little brief authority.—
Like Cerberus posted o'er the gate—*
Without a sop† who enters late!—

* The warden's lodgings are generally situated near the gateways of colleges. I suppose, from the name, that their occupants were originally intended only to discharge the more menial duties of porter, for which office some of the modern representatives are, perhaps, by nature more adapted.

† *Flattery* is the master-key of other locks besides those of Hell.

Double-fac'd, upstart, pamper'd cur,
Low, over-bearing schoolmaster,
That eve I saw ye not; for *one*
Absorbed my every thought, alone.
Nor marked I then the learned throng
That flutter'd the full aisle along:—
The simple, starchèd Puseyites,
Your finical Church-exquisites;
Nor saw the brother Hampdenite,
So like and yet so opposite—
Sects unto each other dear,
As Puritan to Cavalier:
Nor heeded wisdom's young recruits,
Who pluck the tree of life's raw fruits,
Discovering not the crab of knowledge
Within the Edens of a college,—
Men whose most biblic dreams portray
Nimrod in spurs, and "Cutaway!"
Mark! for the dons each meekly stops,—
Lest 'neath the gown they spy his "tops,"

Tho' inly eager to conclude
The Bacchanalian interlude.—
Not I—so oft I'd seen them all,
Such comic sights had 'gun to pall;
Besides my being deeply quaff'd
A subtle poison's nectar'd draught:—
I saw not—moved not—but dream'd on,
And 'woke to find the phantom gone:—
Rapt in the dense folds of the crowd,
She'd vanish'd in a surplice cloud.*

* The imperfections which will, doubtless, be observed in this work of art and its setting, are entirely attributable to the finger of Time, which has been busy with both the canvass and oak-work of this relic of antiquity, whose ancient date the subject itself sufficiently attests, taken, as it must have been, from a state of society widely different from that which now exists. Where, for instance, do we behold now-a-days such feminine beauty as the artist has attempted to depict? And as for the grim accessories of the piece—O! "nous avons changé tout ça." The Principal of —— College is, doubtless, as competent, learned, gentlemanly, and impartial as that of those days was—*as drawn*. "Let the galled jade wince!"

THE AUTHOR TO THE MUSE.

P. P. C.

AN EPILOQUIAL EPISTLE, EXHIBITING, AMONG OTHER CURIOSITIES, A PROSAIC "FAREWELL TO THE NINE."

THE poet presents his compliments to their Chastities of Parnassus. That neither the regulation sonnet, the correct couplet, or the orthodox stanza harmonizes one cygnet-strain of dying song, winging their praises through the world on the plume of Poësy, they being the inspirers:—that, in short, their humble servant is at this moment "prosing it" in very neat set phrase explicitly enough indicates his apostasy. Yes; their poor priest hangs his resigned cloak of inspiration, a votive offering at their shrine,

having, before the dëities of Prudence and Common Sense, registered a vow that his homely thoughts shall no more flaunt in the jingling trappings of rhyme, a finery which inconsists with their humble poverty. Not *his* the "mens divinior," the "os magna sonans," "nec, si quis scribat ut *ille*, putes hunc esse Poëtam."

This to avoid the imputation of tacit pretension to that sacred name, while the writer cursorily glances at "things as they are," or the Rythmetics *v.* the Arithmetics of the nineteenth century.

The attempt to define poetry, Dr. Johnson observes, only exposes the narrowness of the definer's mind. And yet, what *is* and *is not* poetry is so instantaneously perceptible to the mind, that it seems strange that its resolution into elements should be a task of such vanity.

Everybody thinks himself competent to pronounce judgment upon imaginary works, and in all ages the unpoetical public have awarded or denied their writers the garland of fame, and generally with discrimination, and yet the legitimate end, the duties, the "ἐργον" of the art is still left vague and undetermined. The effort to accomplish this, the learned critic, above cited, pointedly pronounces idle, an epithet which the writer, who stands in much awe of the ponderous Doctor and his modern disciples, would fain avoid, and yet Fancy *will* amuse herself by sketching air-drawn boundaries, to protect her legitimate province from the Yankeelike encroachments of false neighbours, who have of late invaded her landmarks, insomuch, that a certain sagacious Coroner declares Poësy to be so necessarily tinged with the sublime, that he cannot distinguish between it and the ridiculous.

Now, it is to be said for the acumen of the right honourable gentleman, that much pseudo-stuff has attained the name of poetry, and yet to shew the vanity of its pretensions upon abstract principles may almost be to assert truisms. It would seem, par example, self-evidently obvious to assert that in language, however musical—however ornate, Poetry is not. Words are but the hues by which thought conveys to the mind's eye its images, and in them no more consists the beauty of imaginary composition than a paint-box of colours may be said to contain the chef-d'œuvre of a Claude. Nor does poetry busy itself about truths, however instructive—facts generalized into lessons are the differential province of philosophy, not of poetry *primarily*. True poetry *does indirectly* teach—teach, by enlarging the mind, and intensifying its perceptions of the Just and the True, but its immediate office *is not* instruction.

Philosophy tells us what we should do; poetry entices us to imitate the objects of sublimity and beauty which it presents to our imagination. Philosophy mines for the lead with which the poet shades the sketches of his imagination.—His the blossoms of the Tree of Knowledge—His to wreathe the wild flowers that bloom along the mountain-paths of Wisdom, in the silken artifices of rhetoric, to adorn his idol, Nature. His "metier" is not to paint broadly the coarse features of the Real, but to seize and transfer to his canvass the subtler beauty of the True—the *expression*, as it were, of the countenance of Truth—the ever varying play of Her aspect. Now Truth [for the benefit of Pilate and others] is a refined abstraction of reality, existing only in the human mind; for reality, whether Bishop Berkely be right or not, has of itself no *sensible* existence.—Creation's consciousness is in the mind of man, whose

every individual breast is a mirror of the external universe: it is from Nature *thus mirrored,* that the poet must draw.—Human perception must be the medium, because it is the end of his art. The poet, then, does not enjoy the standard of reality—of immutable fact; he must paint Nature not as she is, but as she appears to his generation to be; he must mould his own to the universal mind, consulting the opinions, prejudices, and bias of his age.

Having thus attempted to shew that the poetical success must depend upon its adaptation to the existing constitution of society, at once its source and its ocean, we arrive—howbeit, somewhat abruptly—at the "materiel" and encouragement which the nineteenth century holds out to the aspirer.

The spirit of romance, with all its enthusiastic devotion, its keen appetite for adventure—its

chivalrous gallantry—its love of the marvellous —its superstitious consciousness of the presence of the ideal world, is extinguished. The ages which it actuated are pronounced "dark;" and pray what does the light, which has since dawned, illumine? What is the idol of the day?—What but Wealth! The great struggle in the arena of life is for that prize. Nature instinctively contends for it to live — ambition as *the* means of greatness. But does its attainment imply surpassing mind; intellect used originatively, or even inventive powers of a high order? No. Prudence and industry, or, at highest, a knack of mechanical adaptation; for, even mechanically, this is not an original age— it's a mere cobbler—stretching and fitting the old slippers of science to the feet of art. Now mark the practical effect of this universal motive upon the various grades of society; observe how this all-engrossing pursuit works

upon the mental habits of the mass! Look at the lower orders—the "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," of the community,—their every energy, their every resource as rational beings, from the cradle to the grave, tasked to the uttermost to support an existence which is—toil. The class above them—the flourishing middle classes—we find actuated by a different modification of the same influence: *they* toil, not to shun want, but to attain riches, and the credit of riches; they know "quantum nummorum quisque servat in arcu, tantum fidei habet," and relax not their exertions while another is wealthier than they—"Occupat extremum scabies!" On! on!—to the grave. But is there not a large body of independent thinkers—amateur men of letters who are unfettered by want, undazzled by gain, and unconfined to the jostling race-course of profession? Yes; but the minds of the few must

accommodate themselves to the tastes of the many; and, alas, our authors of the present day have not disdained to pander to the vitiated cravings of a morbid literary appetite, or to dilute their minds to cover the shallow surface of prevailing taste! And how often do we find writers, degenerating into mere bibliopoïists, trading upon the reputation which, perhaps, one or two early productions of thought and fame have acquired for them!

Among which of these ranks are we, then, to look for the Poet, whose task would be eminently difficult, in proportion as the materials afforded him by society as it exists, from whence he *must* mine for his inspiration, are difficult and unmalleable?—"Quam in paucis spes, quam in paucioribus facultas, quam in multis sit audacia videmus."* No; rationalism and

* Cicero—"De Oratore."

utilitarianism are not the soils in which the bay luxuriates. We may hope for poetry, perhaps, from the south and east, but the moral atmosphere of the bleak north-west is too withering, now-a-days, for the sensitive plant—genius.—The world without is at enmity with the world within, and the latter ethereal bubble, however variegated with the hues of fancy and of feeling, must burst when antagonized to the ball of clay. Sisyphus, with all his cunning, would now find it an infernal task to keep his footing on the slippery sides of Parnassus, whose very base is guarded by that most "unamiable dragon"—the venomous "demon of the threshold," CRITICISM;—that stern Saturn, who will not allow the poet's to be an art of gradual attainment, but expects him, Minerva-like, to spring into the world in all the vigour of maturity and perfection. By the undue rigour of this monster, how many a giant of literature—

how many a "mute, inglorious Milton," has been crushed in the infancy of his powers!

In truth, there is little temptation, now-a-days, to coin the quicksilver of the mind, or—

> "———— with incessant care,
> To strictly meditate the thankless muse."

The laurel is a deadly evergreen, and the labour of its attainment, certainly "nil tanti." "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle;" being interpreted, "the κυδος wont pay for the midnight wax." The adage about house building, "mutatis mutandis" well applies to the structure of the "lofty rhyme:" "fools *write books*, wise men *read* them!" What modern foe does not echo Job's sigh, "Behold, I said, Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!"* No; a ledger is the only book the poor man should compose; and for the rich one, a book on the

* Book of Job, chap. xxxi., 35th verse.

"Leger" is a much less troublesome, and possibly more lucrative work. Poetry is "gone out," and justly so, by the test of utility. What good does it do?—What does it clothe?—"piper et quidquid chartis amicitur!" Whom doth it feed? None; not even the poet himself. Thus is Pegasus outstripped, in the flight of intellect, by steam—and the pallid Cynthia—nay, Apollo himself eclipsed by the Budean luminaries of triumphant mechanics. And soon (hear an insane—"versus facit!"—prophet!) will high Helicon itself share the fate of the Shakesperian cliff, and be tunnelled for the public to attain the bathos, if not the heights of inspiration, as easily as patent springs can bear them, assisted by those little solid circles of current metal, Fortune's golden wheels, that, greased with the "oil of gladness," whirl the axletree of Prosperity smoothly o'er all the roughnesses of Life.

It is, however, time that the writer, having terminated his comprehensive and well-digested treatise upon the times and its poetics,—a treatise which he believes calculated to supersede those of Aristotle, and the learned Panætius—drop into himself, and descend to the contents of the preceding pagines. It is the fact that they give him no claim to the "vision and faculty divine" which he has assumed as a privilege, to talk about poetry as an unbiassed reviewer of the pursuit of others. "But," somebody will say, "if you entertain such a just opinion of your own deficiency, why print?" My dear Somebody, you are a most unreasonable person, to expect reasons for indulging, at this time of day, in so universally prevalent a vice,—"docti indoctique scribimus."—All animals endowed with reason write—to write *is* to print; therefore, Mr. Somebody, your humble servant will content himself with the strong negative

reason that there is no reason why *he* should *not;* or if you *will* insist upon a positive motive, since it is too much trouble to make a new one, take that of an old scribbler—"I write through idleness, and print to avoid the imputation." Now, the applicability of the excuse, and the fact that these "nugæ canoræ" have been really the amusements of idle moments, and not the occupation of their dreamer, is, he imagines, sufficiently evinced by their appearance in their present form. A man who intended to make poetry his trade, would have suppressed such incipient efforts, just as a writing master would not produce his first pothooks and hangers as a specimen of his skill.

A word or two as to the separate compartments which form this gigantic tome. The poem written on one of the university prize subjects was, as the title-page will have said, ineligible, from the length of standing of the

writer. It was, however, composed far more "pour faire passer" some dull hours, than with a view to the prize, and all its questionable éclat. It will, nevertheless, be found not to have escaped the crabbedness and essaïcalness which are essential characteristics of these compositions. Au reste, the shorter pieces will be found to be the imitative productions of boyhood, displaying, at best, new combinations of the materials which memory furnished. Vacuna has been no less the mother of these perpetrations, than of that more ponderous fœtus, the prize. Indeed, both owe their existence to sundry occasional musings, indulged not under the most inspiring circumstances—viz., in steam-carriages, boats, inns, proctors' anterooms, and other somewhat anti-poetical situations. It is better not to talk of inspiration in this sceptical siècle. Even Herr Döbler was wise enough to call his magic "natural;" so the writer thinks

it more prudent at once to disclaim inspiration, and confess, that he is not in the habit of visiting church-yards at midnight, or hill-tops at sunrise,—a natural operation, which, by the way, he *did* once witness, but it was compulsorily, and he then remembers to have felt so mystified, as to be incapable of wedding the phenomenon to immortal verse. Indeed, for the benefit of those who revere genius, he thinks it may be gratifying to state, that in exterior he is by no means an Empedocles—his nails are well pared, his beard not philosophic, and that Truefit periodically curtails any capillary indications of Samsonian intellect. The author thinks these interesting personal facts may be acceptable to the many admirers he is, doubtless, destined to enjoy; but should he be mistaken—should he find that—as happened to the disappointed author in "The Vicar of Wakefield"—"the

learned world says nothing to his paradoxes—nothing at all!"—that his "fond creation, his soul's child," is held not worthy even of abuse—experiencing that most deep of damnations, silent neglect, passing the hoary ordeal of Wisdom, like the guilty Cataline that of the Senate, "gravissimo judicio taciturnitatis oppressus," then the indignant poet involves himself in his Chesterfield and his amour propre, and seeks the internal rewards of failure: "Tout travail merite une salaire; or, le salaire d'un bon écrivain est dans les applaudissements qu'il reçoit: mais, le salaire manquant au mechant écrivain, il est juste qu'il trouve le sien dans les applaudissements *qu'il se donne à soi même.*" Now to him of rhyme such salary is already secured; for, though the ecrivain be aware of the justness of his doom, and there be no self-applaudissements in the future, yet, while in the act of composition, he experienced a pleasure

which no other pursuit could have occasioned him, arising partly, perhaps, from the delightful illusions, the "mentis gratissimi errores" that each idea, each line, as it flushed from his pen, was divine. Alas! when the thought grows cold, how different does it seem!—(n'importe!) In this instance, the scribbler looks back with much pleasure upon the light labours these ranks of rhyme have cost him in drilling, and it is no small consolation that he has succeeded by their assistance — lubberly recruits though they be—in occasionally exterminating a heavy sub-division of the old enemy, Time.

Now it may seem strange to the writer's divine correspondents, Whom, by the way, their slave had almost forgotten, that They are thus informed of many things, with which, in Their wisdom, They were familiar before pens were; but, in good sooth, there are other ears less acute—other eyes more horny, to whose intel-

ligence the author is moved, by some infatuation, a monomania of which the climax is leaden—not bullets—type, to submit these secrets: and with this intent, [having learned the silent reserve of the Gods *above*, from Fénélon,* who was, doubtless, behind the scenes in those matters,] to a more communicative God *below*, he, hereby, duly consigns these, his scribblifications, supplicating at His *hand*—not Wealth, not Fame, not Publicity, but that reasonable boon, which Nature, it would seem, has denied *his own*—Legibility.

* "Les dieux superieurs cachent aux inferieurs tout ce qu'il leur plait."—Telemaque, 1st book.

T. C. Savill, Printer, St. Martin's Lane.

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